RUTLAND HERALD.

"Here comes the 'Herald' of a noisy world, with news from all Nations."

BY WHITE, EVERSON & Co. TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1839. VOLUME XLV, NUMBER 17.

MISCELLANY.

RUMORED ABDUCTION.

Singular Case.—A well known auctioneer of this city named Benjamin F. J. Gautier was Wednesday morning brought before His Honor the Recorder, on a writ of Habeas Corpus, on a charge of being concerned in the abduction of a young lady named Maria B. Mead, aged about 18. It appears that the young woman is the necie of the accused, or the daughter of his wife's sister. The return made to the writ by S. J. Wilkins, Esq. counsel to Gautier was in substance—

"That the accused never made any arrangement to send or bring away the girl, or sent or carried her away, and don't know where she now is—but that after the boat arrived here from Poughkeepsie, on board of which she was, she came to him on the deck, and asked him to pay her passage, which he did."

The case was here adjourned to five o'clock, when a second hearing was had.—It was proven from the testimony of a young man named George Hartshorne, and another witness, that on Thursday the 22d of March, Maria left her father's house in Poughkeepsie, and was not again seen till the next afternoon, when she went on board the steamboat General Jackson. Her trunk had been sent to a house in Washington street, whence it was sent on board the boat. Gautier and his daughter were seen by witnesses both on the dock at Poughkeepsie and on board the boat. Just after the boat had left Poughkeepsie. G. was seen to remove Maria's cloak and bonnet and to put others upon her. Another witness who was on board the boat at the time, saw Mr Gautier the next morning knocking at the state room door of a female as if to call her forth.

Hartshorne on his direct examination in behalf of the accused, stated that he did not believe that Gautier knew where Maria now was, nor did he believe that he (G.) had taken her away. The girl had some six weeks since told him (Hartshorne) that she intended to leave her father's house in consequence of the ill treatment she received from him,—that she was often compelled to lodge in the same room with negroes, servants, &c. and was entirely debarred from the privilege of going out from home to see her friends, and further that Gautier had advised her not on any account to leave her father's house. The question was here asked if the witness (H.) knew who did take Maria away from home.

Mr Wilkins remarked, that, if the witness could be made secure in case of personal implication, he would probably give the information. The inquiry however was not further urged at the time.

A Mr Hatfield of Orchard street was called, and stated that Gautier lodged at his house—that his hours at night had always been very regular—he came there a week ago last Friday (the day on which Maria came to the city)—does not believe G. knows where the girl is at present.

Hartshorne on being recalled, said that he had heard from a young girl of his acquaintance, that Maria was now at service in a family in this city, doing the housework for the compensation of one dollar per week.

At this stage of the case the Recorder left his sitting, and the further hearing was adjourned to Monday next, for the purpose of procuring additional testimony. The whole affair yet remains a mystery, and has caused no little excitement in the community.—[N. Y. Express.

SURRENDER OF FUGITIVES.

The New York American has the following comments on a paragraph asserting that the President declined to act on the application for the surrender of Holmes, the murderer of Tasche:

"In the proposition that the General Government has no power to surrender a fugitive from a foreign country, we entirely agree. Indeed, in reference to this very case, when it arose, we so expressed ourselves, and added the hope that Gov. Jenison would refer the question, as he did, it appears, to the General Government, to the end that seeing the benefit of a treaty stipulation for the mutual surrender of the criminals—other than for political offences—advantage might be taken of present circumstances to propose such an arrangement to the British Government.

"But when we denied to the General Government any right to surrender fugitives to a foreign nation—*a fortiori* we deny it, to the Government of a State. Rightfully considered, a State neither knows, nor is known to, any foreign power or people—and nothing but confusion and mischief can arise from losing sight of the fact, that it is through the General Government only that we can have any relations, or be brought into any contact, or entertain any official intercourse whatever—with such nations.

"It is to be regretted, therefore, that the Federal Executive, in communicating his own want of authority in the premises to Governor Jenison, should have intimated possibility that there can exist in the discretion or the comity of a State Government, a right to do that which no law of the United States does, and no State law could, authorise.

"The harmony of our system—it is time, we are sure, that should be understood—depends quite as much upon keeping all its parts strictly within their sphere—and especially upon the due subordination in specified cases, of State, to Federal authority—as in others it does, upon the complete supremacy of the States in all matters within their proper and acknowledged jurisdiction.

"One word, for the sake of being perfectly understood, as to the main point in issue, the mutual surrender of criminals.

"We hold it to be a matter of common safety, honor, and moral obligation, that criminals should, throughout Christendom, throughout the Universe, indeed, if that were practicable, be taught that there is no place of refuge, no privileged ground, for felons and rogues; and we, therefore, desire earnestly that, so far as the United States are concerned, they should say to every Government—we will, on *due proof* of crime, surrender to you any fugitives from your hands, you agreeing to do the same with us: and it would be for the interest of all countries—Texas perhaps for the present excepted—to enter into such mutual stipulation.

"But, until such be the law of the land, let not State or Federal authority attempt or wink at the surrender of fugitives from foreign countries."

For the Rutland Herald.

MY COAT--A Parody.

I had a coat—it was not all a coat—
Part of the skirt was gone; yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye,
And some withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still my coat, although so fashionless
In the complement extero, had that within
Surpassing show—my back continued warm
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said before) of skirt.
A change came o'er the color of my coat;
That which was black grew brown—and then
men stared
With both their eyes, (they stared with one before)
The wonder now was twofold—and it seemed
Strange that a thing so old and torn should still
Be borne by one who might—but let that pass—
I had my reasons, which might be revealed
But for some contra-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence.—Time passed on,
Green Spring and flowery Summer, Autumn brown
And frosty Winter—came and went, and came—
And still through all the seasons of two years,
In country, in city, yea, at routs and balls,
The coat was worn and borne. The folks grew
Wild with curiosity, and whispers rose—
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In hats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, should
Put on a covering so vile.
A change came o'er the nature of my coat—
Grease spots appeared—but still, in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said—
A time may come when I—away—away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery. When I will—I will!—
The coat was now greasy, old and torn—
But torn—old—greasy—still I wore it on!
A change came o'er the business of this coat;
Women, and men, and children scowled on me—
My company was shunned—I was alone!
None would associate with such a coat—
Friendship itself proved faithless for a coat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death.
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a coat.
Of those that knew me best, some turned aside,
And scudded down dark lanes; one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered.
Others in horrid mockery, laughed outright.
Yes, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs,
One thought pervaded all—it was my coat.
A change, the last, came o'er this coat;
For lo, at length, the circling months went round;
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness,) was transferred
To the possession of a wandering son
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze:
Once more I went my way—along—along—
And plucked no wondering gaze, the hand of scorn
With its annoying finger—men—and dogs—
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless,
growlless—
And last, not least, of rescued blessings, love
Smiled on me again—when I assumed
A bran new coat of the latest mode;
And then the laugh was mine—for then out came
The secret of this strangeness—'twas a bet!

H. S. L.

From the Washington Democratic Review.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

I shall never forget the memorable morning that gave me my father's consent to become a soldier. I had strongly imbibed the spirit of the times, and earnestly desired to march with the noble band that had left our neighborhood for the camp at Cambridge. My father was a warm 'liberty man,' and had contributed largely to the outfit of his neighbors who exchanged the plough for the musket; yet as I was his only son, and had not yet seen sixteen summers, it is not strange that he desired to retain me at home. With habitual obedience I yielded to his decision, but could not refrain from tears of vexation and longing, as I saw my companions depart. This practical proof of my unfitness for a soldier did not escape the observation of my father and it was owing to a resolution that I formed in consequence of his severe and scornful rebuke, that my cheek has never since been seen moistened by a tear—which people will find easier than they may think, if they will only try. But not many days after, as my father and myself were passing towards the fields, the scenes of our daily toils, the cheerful stillness of the morning was broken by the sound of cannon. It was in the direction of Boston, and we instinctively felt that war had, in good earnest begun. The sounds became more frequent. My father would fain have preserved his usual composure, which so well became the oldest deacon of the church, but his patriotic feelings became too strong for mastery. Clapping his hands with a force that made me start as if one of the cannon had been fired by my side, he exclaimed, '*John you may go.*' There was no mistaking his meaning. Though these were all the words he uttered, yet I knew I had permission to join the army, and that the permission wo'd not be recalled. I threw away the cart whip that I had in my hand, which neither of us stopped to pick up, and we immediately returned to the house, and began arrangements for my departure. The old musket was taken down and examined; there was not a particle of dust about it, for I had cleaned it daily for months. The time spent by my father in changing, adjusting and proving the flint, was to me exceedingly annoying. But he knew better than I did that feelings, however firey would not ignite gunpowder. In the mean time, I had packed my knapsack, and hitched our old bay to the chaise. In less than an hour after the sound of the first cannon reached our ears, we were moving on the way towards Boston. The horse, who did not seem to partake of my enthusiasm, moved as deliberately as if travelling his usual Sabbath day journey. I would gladly have dispensed with his services, but my father's cool and slow self possession had returned, and no deviation from his will was to be thought of.

I should have remarked that my mother was absent on a visit to my married sister, so that I was spared the trial of bidding her farewell, which would, no doubt, have been a different affair from parting with my father.

We had cleared the lane, and gained the main road toward Boston. I was devising expedients for quickening the pace of the tory beast, as in my heart I had called him, when we met our revered pastor, Mr Forbes. He paused as he drew near. My musket and knapsack—and probably my countenance too, though I am sure my father's would not—informed him whither we were bound. When one all absorbing idea is present, conversation, as far as it relates to it, can be carried on at small expense o. words.

So John, you are going to fight the battles of God and your country.

Yes sir, I'm going to try, I replied, etiquette forbidding the use of any of the expletives that rose to my lips, in the presence of a minister.

Well may the blessing of the God of battles go with you, John. But remember, John, when you are away from your minister and your father, that you are not away from God. *Remember*——, and the old man's eyes filled with tears as he gazed upon me—he closed them, and for a few moments was engaged in mental supplication, —then bestowing a 'God bless you,' upon me, he passed on, as if unwilling to delay us on such an errand. This meeting passed in a minute, but the impression that it left on my mind has lasted for many a year, and was far deeper than if he had bestowed a lengthened lecture, to which I am sure he would not have found a very patient listener. But the good man knew always what to say and when to say it; in this respect differing widely from some of his sacred profession that I have fallen in with in the evening of my days. Whatever improvements there may have been made in other things, I am free to say that the breed of our Ministers has not improved. The fact is, they could not be much better than they were in those days, much as they are now sometimes ridiculed by ungrateful blockheads who are enjoying the liberty which the Ministers of that day, quite as much as any other class of men, aided to secure.

The distance from my native place to Boston was about 14 miles. My father left me to perform the latter half of the distance on foot; his parting advice was brief: "Farewell, John, you know your duty; and mind what Mr Forbes said to you."

I arrived at the camp before nightfall somewhat exhaussed by the haste I had made during the latter half of the way. I sought the company to which my companions belonged, and entered as a volunteer. My friends had not taken part in the engagement, but were full of enthusiasm in consequence of the events of the day.

One very dark night we were called out, and formed with the utmost stillness. With the object of the movement we were not acquainted. Hence our fancy had full scope during the half-hour we were drawn up, and commanded, in a whisper, to remain perfectly silent. We supposed of course, that an attack was either expected or designed.—Not a few of us, notwithstanding our love of country, I suspect were led to compare a good bed at home with the prespect of a bloody one on the night plain.

I have never been oppressed with a sense of fear; indeed, I may say, I have ever borne the character of a brave man; but I frankly confess, that I heartily wished for daylight, that I might see where I was going; and I believe it is true universally, that men will fight better by daylight than by night, although the smoke be so dense as to hide all objects from view as effectually as if it were night. There is something about night that I do not understand.

But to my story. After standing about half an hour, our muskets were taken from us, and spades, pickaxes, distributed. We were then marched to what was called the neck for the purpose of erecting a fort.—This point was fully within reach of the enemy's guns, hence a dark night was chosen for the work, and the strictest silence enjoined. Arrived on the ground, we found an abundance of dry cedar rails, and with these we proceeded to build huge fires to supply the lack of daylight. Whether this originated with the soldiers, or officers I know not; it is certain that it was not forbidden by the latter. When they were well on fire, and all around us was illuminated, we began to break ground. But we were very uncerimoniously interrupted by a thundering volley of cannon balls from the enemy. It had not occurred to our sapient officers that the same light that was serviceable to us, would be se to the enemy's artillery. But so it was. Orders were then given to put out the fires. It was done with great promptness; a cannon ball now and then aiding us in scattering the rails.

I have in my latter days heard a great deal about the stimulants of industry, but I give it as the result of my observation, that nothing is equal to a cannon ball for this. Men will work when cannon balls are whizzing around them in a way difficult to describe. The rails on this occasion flew as if the power of gravitation were for the occasion totally suspended.

I recollect another occasion when the same timulus worked admirably. It was at the battle of the White Plains. We were in a trench, and about ten rods in advance was a stone wall. When it appeared that the enemy were about to advance to storm our lines, (a brisk fire of cannon balls being sent to clear the way,) a party were sent out to throw down the wall. that it might not prove a shelter to the advancing foe. I never saw stones handled as those were. I am clear in the opinion that cannon balls are the greatest possible stimulants to industry. But I forget my narrative.

When the lights were extinguisned, we were drawn off behind a small descent where, by lying down, we were out of reach of the enemy's balls. We had just begun to realize that the whistling of balls was not so destructive, after all, and to make ourselves merry at the enemy's waste of ammunition, when a cross fire that swept the bottom of the hill was opened upon us. The first shot took effect, and killed four men in my vicinity. Orders were given to retreat, and the ground was soon cleared, without further loss. We gained the camp, and listened, with no small degree of composure, to the sound of the enemy's artillery. It is surprising, the difference in the sound of a piece when you are, or are not, within range. In the one case the sound is pleasant enough; in the other it is by no means the most agreeable music in the world. The British continued to plough up the said Neck until broad daylight showed them what they were about. In fact, it did present the appearance of ploughed land. "My Stars," said honest Job Eaton, "if it has not cost the King nigh on tew hundred dollars to plough that 'ere piece; I'd ploughed it with my oxen for five."

We were so much more courageous by daylight, that we went down to the *Neck* for ball, and there were picked up nine hundred and sixty, of various sizes. Occasionally field pieces were discharged at us, but without effect.

During the winter we lay on Dorchester Heights; I cannot say that I was as comfortable and contented as I might have been in my father's house. I was, however, indulged with frequent visits home, and often received from thence tokens of remembrance and regard. Still a barrack is not one's father's house, and our troops were becoming more of soldiers and less of citizens. The distinction between mine and thine became less distinctly marked, and a growing loosness of morals in other respects led me to look with less enthusiasm on a soldier's life.

Still our company was in the main correct in their deportment, the instructions of Mr. Forbes having sunk deep into our hearts. Once or twice the old man paid us a visit, to the no small joy of our hearts and increase of his influence. Oh, could I see such ministers now, I would be content that their salaries be raised by law; yea, that they should liberally have tithes of all. The fact is, the old fashioned ministers of those days, did more to make patriotic, industrious, frugal and honest men than all other things put together. And I will here say, that it does not become a democrat to ridicule and abuse them: for they were the first supporters of the democratic principle. The puritans were the first and fast friends of the people.

A notable personage in our company was "Sergeant John," a full-blooded Indian. He had served as a private among the "eight-months men," but refused to enlist again till the *title* of sergeant was given him. His rank was merely nominal. He received the title at roll-call, and was content. He was regular in the discharge of his duties as a soldier; but held no communion with a soul in the company. In summer he never slept in tent with his mess, but in the open air; and in winter he chose a retired though cold corner of the barrack. The tenor of his thoughts neither I or any body else could ever learn.

On two occasions I owed my life to Sergeant John. At the battle of Long Island, as we were retreating towards the famous Mill Dam, I received a shot in my foot that put an end to my progress. My fellow-townsmen passed me by, but Sergeant John placed me on his shoulder and succeeded in crossing the dam before the heat of the burning mill became so intense as to cut off further passage. The mill had been fired to prevent the enemy from crossing.

I was an inmate of the hospital for some time, and joined my company just before New York was given up. After my recovety I could get no nearer Sergeant John than before. He continued to live in the solitude of his own originality.

When we lay at White Plains, Sergeant John and myself, with about twenty others, were stationed as a guard in a clearing, about three-fourths of a mile in advance of the lines. So far as I could judge, we were placed there for the express purpose of being shot or captured by the first stray party of British that might come that way. The woods were so thick on every side that we could see nothing unless within the limits of the clearing. The whole British army might have passed us without our knowledge.

It was our fortune to be captured by a party of light-horse, just after sunset. We were entirely surrounded before we knew it—which I looked upon as fortunate, since it saved a few lives—our own included—whose loss would in no way have affected the fortunes of the war. The capture was not indeed o very glorious one, nor was my curiosity to examine the enemy's camp and, their accommodations for prisoners, very great. Still, small as it was, it was in a fair way to be gratified.

As we were marched off I had instinctively placed myself by the side of Sergeant John, who took his capture very composedly, as though it was a matter of indifference to which camp he directed his steps. He soon managed to attract my attention, and enjoined silence by a gesture that escaped the observation of our captors. As it began to grow dark we passed along the ridge of a steep bank or ledge. On the very brink a thick growth of cedar bushes concealed its depth, or rather its height, from view. Here John leaped over the bushes down the bank, bidding me to follow him, which I instinctively did, and found myself about thirty feet nearer the certre of gravity than my captors. It was emphatically a leap in the dark. As I gathered myself up I saw my companion standing with a drawn knife in his hand. A few shots were fired from above; but the darkness concealed us from view: and presently two who had dismounted sprang down the ledge in pursuit—but both received the Indian's knife before they could regain their feet. We next heard a number set off at full speed, and concluded their design was to reach us by some other point of descent. My companion seized my arm, and we set off in the direction of the coming horsemen. A few paces brought us to a stream of water, its banks closely lined with trees. John plunged into the water, and crawled beneath the projecting roots of a tree. This was a way of concealment not at all congenial to my habits, but cold water is preferable to cold lead, so I was fain to plunge in. I was soon in the arms of John, who counteracted the tendency of my body to rise to the surface, and gave me a breathing place amid the roots of the tree.

Signs of the Times.—The mind of man, the world over, is in a state of rapid preparation for some great event—some mighty revolution in the political or moral world. It requires no prophetic vision to pierce the veil of futurity, and there read, that this generation shall not pass away without beholding convulsions among the nations of the earth, and heavings in the elements of mind more terrific than any that have ever before shaken the world's centre.

Bishops.—All bishops are not flatterers. In the first division of Poland, in 1775, the bishopric of Ermland fell to Prussia. Kraisky, a man of great learning and a severe sufferer on this frequently the honor of royalty. The king the bishop